The Thought That Betrayed Christ

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DEDICATION

This book dedicated to the medical team that told me to finish the job when I attempted suicide.

One of the most terrifying events that I witness among men of my age is the act of mass murder in the face of a meaningless existence. I personally find the face of these young men to speak of the times when we malfunction in the course of our humanity. And I relate to the need to find meaning that is a necessary quality of our spirituality among the burden that we bear in our society. Spirituality speaks strongly to me about the meaning of why we exist, and the reason why we must make our existence mean something. The discipline of Jungian thought acts as a poetic measure of our masculine psychology, as well as an intercourse with the supernatural realities we find in our lives. Meaning is not simply a subjective reality of our own journey. The meaning of our existence is a creative process of our entire life as we release the journey in the shape of what we choose to become.

There are many who examine life with the notion that we can reason existence. I personally failed to find reason in the absurd circumstance of the society that I matured in. The enterprise of our façade in the mask of our persona litters the streets with the symbolic formula of our economy. We use our advertising and corporate symbols just as we use the symbolism of our religions. Sometimes it seems to be the case that our purchasing power creates meaning in the absurd language of our commercial art. We litter the walls of our world with the mass production of the things we do not need. We model civilization around the unnecessary wants of our reproductive organs. We do this in a day and age when we pollute ourselves with the need to populate the mass transit system with the traffic of our endless waste.

We can read the writing on the wall in the two areas of what our society actually is. Anyone that rides the bus must notice the wave of territorial pissings that revolt against the system in the gangs that overpopulate our prison systems. The language on the carcass we call concrete can be internalized as an organized wave of what is to come, or what we are becoming. The young men of our modern day leave us to ponder what type of world we are actually living in. The spirituality of our culture is lost in the war of our words and our newspapers. And our corporate reality is lost in the misuse of our symbolic formula to create a meaningful environment.

I personally find myself to be more dependent on the character of my own individuality. The barren waste of the world in the hate we all express now appears to me as the day after.

Our inability to formulate our common sense of spirituality is the worst crisis I have ever seen among men. Perhaps I was sheltered too much in life, but I never opened my eyes to such a sad society when I gazed out the window of a bus. My parents never prepared me, and nobody ever told me until after the fact.

As a young artist being raised in the Christian faith I was the prodigy of my fanatic parents. I never knew who I was and I never knew why I didn't walk off into the desert. I was always expected to have a religious life. This was not the life I truly wanted. This was the life I seemed to inherit in the genetics of my self discovery. Life is happenstance upon the world that meant more to me from the distance of a surrealist fantasy. This fantasy was the world I knew as nature and the supernatural forces of my inheritance. I originally believed there was an earth that I was

meant to find as I settled down with my American dream. This was always a dream that appealed to me in the common place reality of what Hollywood once poisoned me to believe.

Life seemed simple enough to live if I only knew the right lines. If only life was without the cross of my religious curse and the deep symbolism of the surreal artwork that I created. If only life was not juxtaposed with the visionary world of my psychic drama. If I could only have orgies with penthouse lesbians, life might have been the Hefner dream. But alas, I was shy, and not as shallow as the cheap and meaningless pornography that perverted my perception of women.

I never thought I might marry, and the thought of raising a family was for people that had patience and the ability to relate to

children. I always thought I learned enough about love that I did need a psychological attachment to a woman. This was especially true when I always felt that my artwork was more valuable than me. Women always claimed to love Van Gogh as the genius of the tormented life, but no one truly wanted him within his lifetime. Everyone wants a work of art that they can cherish for the rest of their lives. As long as they love the art and the wonder of what I can create in merging heart and practical to make them cry.

It is amazing how emotionally attached two people can become in the intimacy of making magic as an act of prayer in the desire to love. I could summon the birth of time in the synergy of a synchronicity. But it always seemed to be my handicap; I was much wiser in the creative process than I was in

the maturity that failed to measure up to my talent. Sometimes a man must know when to give up his desire to argue endlessly over the meaning of life with a woman. The woman always wins the futile horn of a man's foolish mouth. And as a man leaves Mars to visit Venus, he should never forget that he was originally from Earth.

They all have the Van Gogh in their living room, or at least the ones I thought I could win. But if Van Gogh raises from the dead the only thing he gets to offer is his ear. It always seems that life is too short for the psychological attachment of an online romance. And at the same time, it always seems that we are only here for the meaningless sex of the barren relationships that we might want when we are raised on the pornography that appears to be the way a man wants reality.

I'm not certain, but women always force into the monastic life that makes me dream of being a hermit. We all wish to be loved, but sometimes we need to know what it is to love. I find that the solitude reminds me of what love means. And love for the reason of loneliness is for the desperate man that believes he must not die alone. The true situation of our creative process is the final release of what we embrace in the moment of our own character. Having known love in any form is enough to complete my life. This is especially true to me within the realm of the psychic connection that the computer can simulate as the deeper level of knowing the way women think.

I've cried for women that I've known on the wish of what might be if I only had the strength to master myself in the art of the synergy. I live with the ghosts of the women I've only known

in thought, as deep as the psychological attachment of the virtual experience can be. But being involved in the sheer psychological role of a correspondence is even more upsetting in finding that I've simply fallen in love with the wish.

To dream of the things that are simply psychic relations is dangerous, as the reality of the magic never materializes in the fulfilled journey. Besides, looking for love in the commitment of the computer makes the solitary journey into maturity a more romantic relationship of reflection. Deep within me I always feared the foundation of my solitary life was the way I was truly meant to understand the path to the state of grace that I desired when I died.

I had three younger brothers, but none of them were my

mother's invalid. The aftermath of my traumatic childhood as the animated death of my migraines was the religious sacrifice that I offered to the concept of higher functioning. The insanity meant that I was wired to the abstract objects of thought and the irrational. I never truly wished to be so close to my parent's God at such an early age. Our hatred of anything binds us to the object that we hate. This hatred often led to the aftermath of my self destruction. In the behavior of my adolescence I always lost control to the immoral stigma of my desire to forget the world I came from. The psychedelic experience was the highest form of the monastic life in the desert of my excursions to reel in the outer reaches of my existence.

As a child, I was an individual that turned to meditation to hold the psyche in the form of glass that might shatter if I did not

focus. The practice of my self discipline as I grew took the shape of my isolation in life as an outcast of society while I labored on my inner work. I was heavily involved with the psychedelic experience that came upon me as I closed my eyes to rational thought. I might compare the experiences to the madness of Mozart if I were to apply his music to the psychic theater of a multimedia presentation. The psyche was a substantial object in dominance over the immaterial world outside my window. This was the form of my experimental education as a solitary scientist of my own little world.

Today, self discipline is something that I now understand in two aspects of my character. That which thought and that which acted. There is the seesaw of my unconscious influences in accordance with my everyday life. There was always little control

over the behavior that deemed me mentally retarded. The mental anguish of what I might imagine was too wild to tame even in the confines of my most intense emotional workouts. I spent half of my life in an attempt to orchestrate my thoughts into a meaningful ensemble of a psychic mandala, to actualize the entire scope of the psyche.

My grandfather always claimed that he did the good things for me out of the need to repent. I never understood what he meant as I never understood that he had any behavioral problems. He was always funny and I was said to end up just like him. But he put his redemption in the simplest terms. There were never morally corrupt things that he did that bothered his conscience. Rather, it was the things that he thought that required his sense of discipline.

As I always understood, my grandfather needed points to get to heaven because of the way he amused others with the blundering thoughts that raveled from the tongue of his foolish mouth. I once dreamt about the object of thought in the sense of Christ and why our own thought is a matter of mastering our mind. In the coherent voice that appeared to me while I woke to a conscious level the language of my unconscious unraveled the riddle. It was a thought that betrayed Christ. If I understand the Jungian interpretation of dreams the language of our unconscious never lies about the nature of our psyche. What we think can actually cause our own betrayal. Our own thoughts can dominate the aura of the mood that surrounds us.

I was always a visual person with the big mouth of my inner voice as an individual that enjoyed my own conversations. I had

too many mirrors in my mind that spoke with the memories of my inability to shift the shape of my perspective. Van Gogh once wrote that the hardest lesson he had to learn in life was to suffer in silence. People normally do not wish to hear the babble of those that walk the streets mad. In this respect I suffer in the confines of my writing, as a tool that channels thought into a straight line. But the world was also a photograph that I wished to capture in the symbolic language of my art. For those who see without and within, the greater part of our brain is always processing the language of our eyes. This occurs on an unconscious level that rests deeper than our linguistics.

What I always wished to observe in my heart was never a photograph of anything I ever wished to see in the city. I valued the natural world more than any treasure of society, as something

that is now meant for the preservations of a reservation. To walk the streets in the valley of death is not as glorious as the death we might find when we walk into the wilderness. We close our doors on nature and monument the natural world with the photographs of our history. The America we once knew is as dead as the sculpture we forge from the same material that we use to mason our buildings.

I am not certain if I am the only one who could care less about climbing the corporate ladder of our cities. But I remember the schematics of what I found in nature where I always felt I belonged in the innocence of the world untouched by man. The trees fell, and they actually made a sound. They always spoke to me as I cleansed myself of the prejudice I found in society. They symbolized the scope of our heart in their own act of

accumulating the history of their psychic existence. Trees can talk quite loud about the cosmos and the way I remember the symbol that they always stood for. I was always the village idiot that took my dog for walks in the wilderness, but I never felt so much freedom in my life.

The reality of the society that I always returned to always made me dream of walking away into the wilderness. It draws the death of nature, and it never meant anything other than the mass production that reasons our extinction. We walk from the garden to the concrete of our tears. And we reason the higher function of our CPU's. We further dissociate from our natural world in the art of our virtual world. We have new frontiers in the form of outer space, and what we create of our virtual world. We have the frontier of our inner space where we can accelerate

faster than the speed of light. But nature is now a garden that we cast ourselves out of in the walls of the world that closes in on us.

The frontiers of our art attempt to mimic nature. In the art of meaning, we shape our abstractions in the form of sheer objectivity. This was the case of Pollock, as he produced the rhythms of the unconscious. His rugged individualism went where no man has gone before in the nature of the mind, and it didn't matter if he died getting there. His random patterns appear as meaningful designs in the primitive mind of our subjective projections.

Dali called the art of applying meaningful form to random designs *Critical Paranoia*. He made use of negative space to elaborate on the images we might see when we stare into the

snow of a television set. The act is a projection of our psychic world unto the sheer objectivity of our collective reality. Our earliest ancestors projected the symbolic world of their psychic drama in the same shape. They made magic of the animals that they hunted. This was an act of creating our original symbolic formula in the subjective account of our objective world.

If we look at the stars they are simply objects of gas shaped in the mass of their own gravity. The constellations of what we imagine ourselves to be are nothing but the meaning we chose to project in the course of our psychic existence. In the first conscious act of our primitive mind we made the world mean something in the earliest attempts to communicate a higher level of our collective existence. We can say that these attempts led to the religious use of symbols in a more elaborate way to

communicate our objective reality as something which has meaning to all of us. And so we have the Jungian concept of our collective unconscious.

As a surrealist that works within the Jungian discipline of my masculine psychology, I find that reason is meant for the a priori deduction of Kantian thought. I trust the unconscious bliss of the noumenal reality as we push the envelope of our boundary to expand our conscious being. I trust this boundary in the sense of our reason. We are dust to dust and whatever meaning we find within the conscious world of our ego. To me, pure reason is meant to be the science of what we discover as the limited amount of senses we use to perceive of our objective experience. This is something that is beyond our ability to sense as the entire measure of what is not possible to perceive.

In the process of my psychic pain, there is no reason other than the mystery of what emerges from the magic of our own creative process. The creative process of life is more powerful than the need for knowledge within the experience of a box. It is more powerful than the purpose of reasoning concepts that are the noumenal beings of who we are without the sense of our awareness. Depending on our level of wisdom our awareness can incorporate deeper levels of our unconscious. We experience the moments of our life in the light of the more profound meanings we chose to uncover.

We all know the metaphysics of heaven and hell, but we also know the dust to dust reality of our original sin. Try to reason the realities of these two worlds and we find objects of thought that only exist in relation to what we know in our lifetime of

accumulated experience. Martyrs only go to heaven in the way we remember them. Our memory of them grants eternal life. The unconscious bliss surrounding the island of our ego, as the world we actualize in the act of our individuation is the life of our meaning. We often find that meaning comes in the form of our pain and the tolerance of what we can endure. Life is suffering on our psychic level and the level of our physical being. They both interact in a synchronicity of shaping each other.

What we term the success of our learning process is actually the discipline of our pain. We have the ability to bear our higher levels as we incorporate unconscious elements into the reality of a greater awareness. This is no different than enduring the torture of those that torment us, or the torture of our own torment. Our learning process in life is actually the stimulus of our own need to

imagine the world we create when we reach the level of wisdom that we have desired to acquire. From the shaman to the novice, we conceive of our own individuality.

Anyone that journeys through the dark abyss of our own crucifixion knows the shape of treasures that surface. The conceptual kingdom of our wealth is what we are meant to give by the same breath of our own happenstance. Merging heart and practical in the light of lifting others is the gift of making magic in the art of our gestures. The search for meaning in life is not a path we take in vain. We can ponder the meaningless noise of corporate America. The cash registers will always be ringing. I find this is true, even when it is the case that no one helps the elderly lady that passes out while waiting in line. The stores are sometimes extremely busy, and people must watch their money. I

experienced this exact scenario, as the stupid person I was, and the only person who helped her.

My many failures and shortcomings in life haven't hurt my sense of humanity. I no longer care to do math in my head, but I can help someone when they fall. My wisdom of the world often appears to me when the sun rises at night. I dream of the darkness which haunts my journey to quiet the meaningless noise in the monastic life that I desire. I dream of eternal rest, and the dust to dust transition that drives me mad while I am in between the two worlds of our unconscious bliss.

Some might call me obsessive about the desire to die and the reason why I find solace in the quiet realm of what I can not know. If anything it would shut the critics up and do away with

the annoying torment of the perfect people. I have seen enough to know that the window to the inner light of my inner voice is the psychic neon of something more magical. This is the art of what we are in the final frontier of finding ourselves. It is where I find the heart of my home in the temple of my need to love. Sometimes the prayer I use in the form of my symbols, or the artwork that speaks to me of my unconscious is simply there to help me sleep the whole night through. Sanity is not simply taking life one day at a time. The greater magic comes from tackling what appear to be the insignificant situations that we find.

As I am a part of the society that rides the roller coaster of our uncertainty, I always thirst to learn the lessons of my dreams. I chose to acquire the education of my failures. I can always

return to school and get an associates degree in fine arts. I can always wipe my ass with that piece of paper that says I have formal training and good table manners. But the process of actualizing my potential to realize a greater consciousness is not something that they teach in a textbook. In the discipline of my failures I wish to be honest with myself and simply come to terms with the natural process of passing away, as opposed to my own self destruction.

I have always been fascinated with the near death experience in the form of substances that I abused and the risks I always took to uncover myself. In the need to organize my identity I sometimes reflect upon the philosophy of Hume. He pondered the full potentiality of what might happen if we were the disconnected selves of our own dustbin. There would be nothing

to ground us in the reality of the absurd. We might find our own psychotic war in the scope of human existence as the world folds in on the terrifying death of Revelations. If we understand the mind of Hume, the poetry of our symbolic language might collapse in on us. Not simply as we understand our own death, but as we understand the death of our entire collective experience. We can internalize our own death as the death of all existing things.

The human condition of our conscious experience throughout the course of history is instinctively aware of our most primitive need to endure. We are creatures that suffer in the knowledge of our mortality while we create meaning in the course of our survival. There are those that will their death in the example of their archetypal pattern, but they are the exceptions

of the mere mortals we find ourselves to be. We remember them in the art of what they dream as we dream of them. We are always certain of death, or we would not need to struggle in order to survive. Jungian thought claims that our struggle and suffering is the means of our redemption. In masculine psychology, this is the transition from the unconscious perfection of our childhood to the conscious perfection of our adulthood. It should actually not be termed perfection. It is simply a clear view.

Within the creative process of our life we can find the crystal clear vision of our humble significance beneath the night sky of what we can measure. This is the beauty of our greatest mystery. This is the being of what we are as we uncover the unconscious. We are not the science that we attempt to create as tools of our

own innovation in the search for calculated meaning. Our reason alone does not define the reality of life as much as it defines the boundaries of what we can reason.

There is no discipline that attempts to find meaning without the art of the imagination. Without eyes that do not see into the human heart of those that live in torment, or the torment of our own heart, we allow ourselves to exist in the meaningless conundrum of the society we create. We are not number crunching noise in the privacy of our thought. Nor can we number crunch the merger of heart and practical to bring a computer to love or cry. When our eyes have died to the mystery of our meaning, as that which is the story of our heart, our entire world is as dead as we allow ourselves to become.

Life is never fair, and in most cases, we are the victim of our own accidents. The sad misconception of modeling our minds after the computer is as tragic as watching reruns of *Star Trek* and the way the *Borg* assimilates the human being in a hive of bees. Almost in the same sense that the internet might assimilate the personal computer in the network of the numbers we become. We are not the machine language that we attempt to create in the model of our own image. The psyche has its own language that we apply to the machine.

We all fight a great battle to find our identity in the accelerated changes of our times. We all endure the turmoil of our own tunnel and the cliché of our collective light. In some cases we must endure the empty abyss that results, which can often mean the death of our humanity. The computer serves as

the microcosm of our image, but we are irrational beings. This is especially the case when we project our subjective meaning unto the simple fact that a computer might crash. Our imagination projects the ghost in the artificial life we believe is actually alive.

The computer only has meaning in the same symbolic language that primitive man applied to the animals that he hunted. In the need to change our perspective of what our life is about we can only change the meaning we find for ourselves. The meaning of our own existence is far from the on off switch of ones and zeros. Our mind can be the irrational form of the meaning we apply to the simple input and output of our machines. From the waste of what our lives might be in the eyes of our own destruction we can pretend we our programming our own biological computer with the irrational reason of John C

Lilly. There is actually an underground society of evolutionary agents that we term the futants who prefer to be termed the unpeople. They think about the future. They want evolution. Their future circuits have been activated. They are Sapiens rising. Often times they are cast out or killed for their vision.

It is an unnatural fact that we program ourselves in the art of our own organic machine. A natural approach to the meaning of our existence is what we can also create in the magic from the pain that drives us to reason such unnatural extinction. Our darkness is simply a wart of what the frontal cortex may be in the spiral we create as the aching in our eyes. We bring the thunderstorms upon ourselves in the torrential rains of our deepest fears as we look for the worst in the nature of others. We are the source of the feedback we receive. In the most trying

crisis it can be hard to decide if life is a tragedy or if it is actually a comedy. We can always find the black and white of what we see in life without understanding the gradients of our true nature.

From the nature of dust to the dust of nature, we live in between our unconscious bliss. Our conscious struggle in life can be more than the source of the feedback we receive. The fault of our own feedback, as we see ourselves in the act of reflection, is also a matter of mastering the mirror. While we exist, the meaning of our lives is as simple as the creative process of what we create. Misfortune comes in every form of our imagination if we look at the world revolving around the vanity of our own sun. Our persona is as empty as our commercial art and the symbolic formula we use to create a meaningless environment of our spiritual bankruptcy. Seeing beyond the curtain of perception we

can find the noumenal reality of our own being. This is the sheer objectivity of who we are with the impossibility of perceiving ourselves. This is the Kantian self of our ultimate reality, as the limit of what we can bring forth from our unconscious.

In my own opinion of the unconscious, it is the tolerance of our own psychic pain that makes our lives mean something to us. Our journey to find our meaning in our society is not an inward spiral, but an outward reach of what is within. The simple gestures of the most insignificant gifts are the treasures that warm the heart of our synchronicities. It is not enough to give without sharing the gift with another in the meaning of creating the synergy of our anima and animus. This is the art of merging heart and practical to create the synchronicities of our connections.

The deeper meanings of our collective psyche have already been elaborated on in the discipline of Jungian thought. As I adventure into another book it is not my desire to simply create a psychological analysis of myself as an inward spiral. I do desire to find an outward reach of meaning as I exist in our society. The final act of the creative process is the release, in the same sense that we free someone we love when we are too possessive in a relationship. My desire is to create a poetic meditation on the merger of language and art in the search for meaning.

This is also the creative process of mastering the imagination of my own darkness. I am actually an individual that has made serious attempts to terminate my life in the despair of a paranoid schizotypal personality disorder. The experimentation with chemicals such as Ketamine also made me lose my sense of

meaning in the world I could never find. It is the most horrible fear not to know if you may or may not decide to overdose on heavy psychotropic medication. It can be for the simple reason that it might be the right thing to do.

I have been the recipient of ECT, as I have been hospitalized for suicidal tendencies. Mental health professionals can't comprehend why someone might attempt to take their life. And then again, there are mental health professionals who do not care if you take your life. The practice is a young profession that has not reached enlightenment. In receiving ECT I have already kept a record of my life in the past failures I have published to remind me of my most painful mistakes.

Jungian thought analyses the story of the Fisher King as an

archetypal pattern of masculine psychology. The story is an old map of reality. We stopped creating maps of reality in the Middle Ages. Yet at a time in a man's life when he is most successful he finds that he is tormented by the archetype of the hideous damsel. He is not capable of enjoying his success in life as she appears to him and reads off every failure in life before the jury of his peers. This archetype can appear to him in the form of any woman that he finds in common place reality if he projects her unto an actual person. In the deeper respect, this is what man suffers as an internal process that he evolves upon while he incorporates his failures into the span of his conscious ego.

My mother was the first to introduce me to the work of Jung when I began having archetypal dreams. He always elaborated on the naïve and primordial understanding of my experiences in

such a poetic way. He introduced me to a map of reality that always heard the inner struggle of my deep introversion. Jung wrote of the superhuman punishments that we can actually bear in the course of the supernatural. These psychic prisons are the unbearable situations of what I can fathom in the need to meditate as an act of keeping myself from drowning; to simply focus.

The past is always an existing chain of the baggage we accumulate in the personal unconscious of our own existence. I made a point of recording the personal unconscious of my life unto the collective unconscious of the artificial structure we call the internet. Jungian theories manifest themselves in our modern day age of technology as living proof that Jung was correct about the collective.

While I work on another book I wish to merge the surreal art of multimedia as I simply dream what I create. I find more pleasure in creating my art from the unconscious, as my work tells me a story that juxtaposes my life on the path to maturity. I take a Jungian approach to my meditations and hope to offer a window into the world of my dreams. I attempt to build the positive structure of my unconscious in order to reach a higher level. Or perhaps encourage people to ponder the magic of heart and practical as the practice of synchronicity. What I wish to stress in the synchronicities of any individual are the ways in which our most insignificant gestures can touch the soul of the souls that are lost. Or touch those souls that simply live as strangers among our society. But most of all, find peace of mind in the process of creation.

The direction of my art in the juxtaposition with what I meditate on is simply the act of what I follow in my own elaboration of what I find. The progress through the journey of each image is simply a collection of passing moments that lead to the final revelation of what I create. I lost the need to please everyone, as the anomaly of my younger brain grows into the older aspect of my wisdom. You are welcome to join me while I wander into the second life of what I destroyed the first time. The desire of my creative process is to take an honest approach to the gentle nature that I always felt was not worthy of my acceptance as a man in our society.

Just as Peter Cushing was the gentle man of horror, Vincent Price believed he was impersonating the dark subconscious of the entire human race. The truth of this fascination with the horrors

of mankind is the reflection of our shadow as the Jungian archetype of our darkest nature. Upon the water that we use to symbolize the unconscious we can drown in the darkness of our own abyss. The whirlpool is what we might consider to be the hurricane of our most bizarre terrors. Yet I use the schematic to centralize the shadow as on object of thought that I control. It has become the case in our society that the reality based villains we find on the folded paper of our doorstep make our Hollywood monsters cause us amusement. The archetypes of the big screen are no longer without the hope of redemption, as we elaborate on the myth that incorporates them into our society.

I find it to be true that we can absorb the entire aspect of our mass media in the form of our own demon, as the devil within each of us. When we shed light on the face of our true reflection,

as the cogs of our collective, we confront the worst of what we are. Jung terms this as the confrontation with the shadow, which he understood on a subjective level as an aspect of the personal unconscious. But Jung is not alive to witness the way in which we collect our horrors in the mainstream of our modern age.

We amass the shadow as the archetype of our personal and psychic drama in the form of our world wide network. This network of our technology is the artificial structure that we manifest in the image of our collective unconscious as a microcosm of what we are. The individual contributions of the human race alter the darkest archetype of our nature in the alchemy of our entire movement. We form a collective archetype of the shadow that we confront and incorporate through the evolution of our individuating process. In actuality, we integrate

our most bizarre terrors into the conscious ego of our paranoid society. We construct the most frightening deformities upon the face of the earth in the evolution of our consciousness.

Confronting the shadow and incorporating the deeper levels of our repressed demons liberates us from the false façade of our clean cut persona. Jung terms the persona as the face we show society when we leave the privacy of our true reflection. Those who live within the false mirror of their shallow reflection only see one archetype of their Creator. The level of an individual's reflection that exists in any situation is relative to the self they are aware of. The archetype of any Creator that produces the sublime beauty of pure light is only one of many situations.

Without incorporating the shadow into the conscious span of

our ego our concept of a Creator can deceive us of the many archetypes that our higher powers can actually take. None of which are central aspects of the psyche, as all situations that exist in our unconscious are organized around the core archetype of the Self. For any human to complete the individuating process of the Self is for such a human to become a purely conceptual reality of the psyche. This is in relation to every archetype that revolves around the perfection of the Self in the same light of Aristotle's concept of the Prime Mover.

This crystal vision of the darkness we find within ourselves arouses the worst contents of our psychic life. To look upon the world of our unconscious and see our true reflection can be one of the most painful confrontations with who we actually are. The mirror of our shadow never deceives us as easily as our persona.

But the purpose of the schematic, as we drown within the world of our encounter, allows us to understand that darkness is a reality in each of us.

Often times it is our worst nightmare that we should see the face of our inferior self as the dream of something that we much rather repress. As an artist and a writer I chose to expose my shadow to the world and to confront the worst of what I am. The modern medium of the internet in the microcosm of our artificial structure is a technological manifestation of our collective unconscious.

My past failures, such as *The Other Side of Sight*, *I've Been Here My Entire Life*, *An Alien to Existence*, and *The Creature of the Wildcard*, have been attempts to record the private life of my

shadow. I journeyed through the darkest reflection of my desire to embrace the gloom of my death, as opposed to incorporating the darkness of my life into the conscious span of my ego.

Each of my failures dealt with the closed system of birth and death as internal struggles to record the reality of my experiences.

The *Other Side of Sight* was actually picked up by NBC. The telephone interview made us both realize that I was not ready for the world and the world was not ready for me. Perhaps I was too stupid, or far too naïve. If I was a woman I'm almost certain the success of my sob stories might be worth millions. But I am a man, and my tears are not allowed in society. The violin of my creative process is only a success in the castle I create of my impenetrable fortress. When a man has a dream he must have

the strength of Martin Luther King. They expect him to take a bullet. Within the creative process we close our eyes, but we always see the many influences that are shaping what we create. The various stresses of life and the signs we receive from others that seem irrelevant to our art are actually the hints and clues of what our vision should be.

The experiences of my many failures mainly consisted of the perception of my memories in relation to my emotional mind and the intensive workout in the insight of insecurity. I attempted to juxtapose the metaphysical realities of my prophetic visions as I inter-weaved them with the psychic content of my personal unconscious. Much of what I attempted to accomplish meant something to me as the preparation of my death and the prophetic mission of completing the creative process of my life. I

dealt with biographical information in the personal and private account of the perspective I made public.

I started writing as a means of mapping reality, and in the irony of my vision, I turned to an autistic attempt to liberate the repressed content of my psychic life. The reality of what I created became the entire scope of my authentic life and the life of my fantasies as surreal works of art. I purged a great deal of my psychic life and my experience of the collective. I dealt with mental illness and my use of mind altering substances, as well as the stigma that distorted my sense of identity. The anguish of the closed systems that I created were the end time scenarios of my suicide mission. Actually, they were the revolts against the religious attitudes of my family. I was the outcast of the repressed individual in the basement of what I chose to liberate as the

surrealist that I wanted to be.

Such failures appeared to me as the waste I wished to leave behind. I was meant to burn in effigy if I could not integrate the disasters that I owned. They are there to serve as aspects of my own learning process. I chose an education outside of the box because I wanted the education that they would never give me. And perhaps I did not want the genetic characteristics that I inherited from my family. Maybe I did not want to be my mother's invalid. Maybe I wanted to learn something from my father.

I was at the age of twenty five when I injected myself three times with Ketamine in a serious attempt to taste death as the most exhilarating high of every revelation I could imagine. This

transfigured my soul in such a way that I programmed the reality of filling the endless hole of the experience. I did so with whatever I could create in the course of the supernatural. I knew in my heart that I would have had a better life if I joined a monastery. I wanted to work on the inner life of my art in the silence of reflection. Without the noise of what I felt was the meaningless life in our society.

Chasing after the brilliant mandala of George Washington was not the purpose of my artistic talent, nor was it the means of acquiring power or importance. I wanted to create an archetype that might symbolize something unique, but collective to all of us. Any type of commissioned work that was absolutely void of meaning felt no worse than prostitution. My parents wanted me to have a religious life with the gift of my depth. I couldn't

stomach religion without the words of Jung. Religion was meaningless dogma of receiving the body and blood of Christ. I wanted to understand the reasons of the symbols that he used to immortalize himself with the Last Supper of his clairvoyance. Did he see what was going to happen, or was the entire religion suggested to him in the inheritance of his genetic makeup? No one exists on paper the way they exist in reality. I wanted to know the man more than the myth.

It is said in Jungian thought that Christ is the only figure not to have an archetype such as the shadow. Hence his immaculate life in devotion to his mother and what might actually be the archetype of the Father. Such a God concept was relative to the structure of his true family. The genetic makeup of Christ determined the structure of his entire religion. The inherited

unconscious of his mother's influence made him believe who he was, which carried the word of his mythical life throughout the course of the past two millenniums. Christ was told about the fairy tale birth that he honored in respect of his family. But we still do not know him as a man in the same sense that we know him as an ideal, or an archetype of our redemption. The reality of his life was kept in a repressed form of the magical birth and the victorious death that did not speak of what we might find in the psychological factors of his psyche.

Some might say that Christ was schizophrenic. He cast his shadow in the form of what he fought. The Satan that we can recognize in the shadow of our own individual complexes was something that he projected unto an objective reality. This reality was something that appeared to him in the form of doubt

throughout the course of his prophetic mission. Yet it might have been a schism in the structure of his personality as he dealt with the character of his schizophrenia.

Why on earth would people rise in the name of Christ other than the fact that they understand the supernatural journey of their own schizophrenia? The shadow becomes something that is never incorporated as an aspect of Christianity. Rather it is repressed and appears in the form of an outside entity that disassociates from the darkness which is an actual reality within each of us. No one is pure. They are simply repressed. We have the clean, and we have the dirty. We have the foundation of prejudice. Christianity falls upon the advent of the internet. We have mankind's tree of knowledge. We have the freedom to learn from the privacy of our own magic.

Kantian reason does not acknowledge freedom other than that which rest in a noumenal reality, which we must simply believe for our lives to mean something. Kant did not recognize the act of freedom as the liberation of what we repress. Nor does any religion acknowledge this fact, which is why we should look upon religion from a psychological perspective. We can create our own prayer in the act of merging heart and practical, which is simply the science of synchronicity. This is the missing link of the mind brain connection, as we also create the psychic communion between the romances of our imaginations in our communication.

So we find the shadow in the liberation of what we repress as the unwanted contents of our psyche. This transformation from our true reflection to the other side of what we uncover as our

worst traits can be an unbearable passage to realize the truth of who we are. We integrate these inferior traits into the stream of our conscious ego in the act of our individuation. For some of us we come to realize that we actually own the shadow of the psyche. Some of us who relate to our society enter into our own realization of what Dylan might call a complete unknown.

The pain of knowing the weaker and inferior reflection of our nightmare is as frightening as knowing the collective horror of our worst nature. This collective horror is something that manifests throughout the mass media in the course of our recorded history. The broad accumulation of mankind's most bizarre terrors, as the objective reality we find surrounding ourselves, can be absorbed by the naked eye of our perception. We can realize the nightmares of our own psychic and subjective

nature in the confrontation with the personal archetype of our shadow. But mankind can also term the archetype of the shadow as the content of our collective unconscious. There is a valuable lesson in confronting the archetype of our own shadow, as well as the collective archetype of such darkness in the face of mankind. We receive the wisdom of our psychic treasures that we might find in our most challenging dreams as we resolve our deepest fears.

The entire world has always been suffering from a mass form of mental illness that changes the structures of our societies and keeps separate attitudes about what is considered moral or immoral. Our false idea of what is the right thing is relative to the culture we belong to. We do not know the meaning of ourselves as we relate to the entire scope of mankind unless we

can uncover what our collective unconscious wants to tell us. As a strict Jungian, I subscribe to his psychology. I take to heart that the sane man is something that Jungian thought claims to cure. Jungian thought creates the complexity of our individuality. This is not simply the case as we have our own archetypal experiences, but also as we find them to be elaborated on in the knowledge of what our entire race collects in our genetic inheritance.

Why is it the case that doctors receive their education to create an objective analysis of the mentally ill? Why is it the case that our society does not listen to the individual insight of the psychiatric patient? Mental illness is nothing new in the course of human existence, but the field of psychology is still in the same infancy as the computer. The breakthroughs of our artificial structure have something to say about the way we approach

Jungian concepts in our technology. Patients have something to say about the lack of consistency that we experience in the revolving doors of the mental health system. It is a practice with the foundation of a plastic brain that we can shape in the synchronicity of our thought control as we workout our emotions.

As someone that has been in and out of hospitals my entire life I have witnessed the many different personalities of the professionals that subscribe to their own subjective attitudes. There is no collective theory of mental illness in the same sense that there is no collective theory of the Bible. Every individual has their own different interpretation, and they all think they are right. Every individual speaks a different variation of the English language. For this reason, I enjoy Jung. I enjoy the theory of a

collective nature in all of us.

We obviously don't have the same wisdom or discipline of Christ. Nor are we meant to live in an immaculate delusion. Perfection is for the individuation of the Self, which we are not capable of. A figure such as Aristotle can conceive of the Prime Mover that motivates mankind. But we can not actualize the full potential of the Self without realizing the conceptual art of our neurology in the flash of a hypnogogic experience. This is the pure thought of mankind's collective attempt to evolve unto pure form. This is just as Dave in the *Space Odyssey, 2001* might witness the disjointed aspects of his death reborn in the sense of our inner space.

My philosophy professor took me as an apprentice of my

journey into manhood in order to evolve upon the test of my character. He discussed the history of our conceptual world in the unbearable weight of penetrating our noumenal reality as a test of my masculine psychology. But the true test of life was what I made of his wisdom while I ventured on my own. In the Jungian journey it appears necessary to evolve upon the conflict with the shadow in a conscious elaboration of masculine psychology. The darkness that we find in the confrontation with this archetype is a reminder of the reality that we look upon when we confront ourselves. The test of any mentor is to let his apprentice see their reflection by the means of their own character. If it be by vision, or before the face of mankind, our shadow is a painful truth of both our psychic and collective realities.

Unfortunately, I do not break bread and I do not serve wine, I simply have the shadow as well as the Christ complex. My mother was a nun and my father wanted to be a priest. They met in a religious setting through the process of inner healing. I was the prodigy of my artistic talent and the invalid of my parent's radical religious life that deemed me the fool that wore the crown. I was the genetic makeup of my unusual inheritance as they battled through the course of their miserable marriage that had me twisting under the schizophrenia of a religious trip. My mother projected Christ, but I was not blessed with the same sense of prophecy, as mistaken as I often am.

In our modern day we are able to publish the most fantastic disasters of what we believe are the valuable resources of our own messianic madness. But this is not the case to the mental

health professional. Nor is this the case to the society we believe we contribute to, as some might turn our biographies over to the profile analysis of the FBI. The darker side of the shadow is something that we do not show our peers in the clean cut persona that we wear for society. Any apprentice that takes off on his professor's wisdom to understand the poetic meaning of Jungian thought must confront their shadow. This is done in the narrow passage of their own discipline. I personally decided to confront my shadow in the medium of the internet, as such is the grand scale of mankind in the artificial structure of our microcosm we forge in the shape of the psyche. I resolve the shadow as the sewer system of my life. I own it. It's there for all of mankind.

As an artist my gift was inherited by the genetic makeup of my mother. It did not matter if I was accepted in the same league as the other surrealist of my time. My mother handed me the gift of my first archetypal dream. I don't recall having dreams until I was around the age of seventeen. But they blew the face of my flesh and blood off the edge of my archaic form. They were more than me in whatever preconceived notion I had of the real world. The dreams of my visionary world are what I wanted to elaborate on in the archetypes of what I might incorporate into the wonder of what I might create.

If I only found the means of the right medium to express the pure thought of what I might dream. I might grow into the entire scope of the psyche as the vision of what I received from the gift of my mother in the art of knowing how to master the magic of

synchronicity. The synergy of heart and practical did not require that I work within the business world of fine arts. It was meant to communicate the magic of a dream as I resolved the waking life of my closed eyes.

The act of making something happen by the means of my imagination was the magic of sharing the same dream in the moment I wished to connect within the deeper level of raising the unconscious. To bring someone to the level of tears, and teach others what it meant to cry. There was no other reason to merge heart and practical than the simple gesture of suggesting joy. That was the gift in the dream my mother gave me to master the poetry of the heart as I sought an actual women of common place reality in my attempt to offer the music of my divine madness.

I always wanted to create, and perhaps I always wanted to

show the bravery of what I might say with the masterpiece of my life. But for the most part I struggled in society in my attempt to find the purpose of what I might do with the gift if it did not appear in the vanity of my curse. If only I was not hungry for power or the need to express the brutal thoughts that shaped my anger at the society that shunned me. If I only knew the gift made magic to the women that thought I was special I might have the strength to offer more than myself. If only I knew I did not have to measure up to the Neanderthal that I believed was the true shape of what a man should be. If only my writing was true to the gentle nature of my heart. If only I had the eye of my heart I would never need to fight the misery of my mind with the nightmares of what I could not see. This is as the exile of the outcast to the outer limits in the dark eyes of my own death.

I only had one chance to make an impression upon the world, as something an artist is under the false impression that he must do to be appreciated when he dies. As if the world is more important than the woman he might love as the entire treasures of the world he might find. I let my ghost linger in the heart of those that might appreciate me when I leave them with the door that I slam upon the world. I always felt that living life was for those that never suffered the torment of trying to express something larger than the scope of what was possible. My visionary world was never as worthless as the reality of what my limitations allowed me to express in the form of my mediums.

The little acts of magic in what I made of my heart where more significant to others than the nightmares I might write in the novels of my anguish. The freakish works of art in the darkness

of the torment always drove me to mimic the mad man who finds shelter among the monastery. But my personal collection of the deeper psychological nightmares that haunted my solitary life were never true to the love of nature. They never reflected the friendship I shared in the will to die for the welfare of my dog, as my best friend in the course of my life.

As creative and gifted as people always claimed I was I preferred that my art allowed a window into the heart of what I could do to make others happy. In most instances this was the case, as I related to people on a personal level. Yet I followed the prophetic art of my nightmares in resolving the emotional horror of my dreams. And in the mass production of the projects that I tackled I failed to prove that I was actually someone worth something to society. I was worth more to the people who loved

me in the simple gestures of wielding my gift to create magic out of thin air.

The new archetype that I always wanted to incorporate into the art world was the symbol of my most self serving waste of life. It never meant anything, and no search for meaning is a self serving journey. This is where I find the miracle of Jungian thought in the synergy of anima and animus. As such a synergy is the poetic art of merging heart and practical in the synchronicity of two souls in order to create the deeper meaning in the foundation of any relationship. But the failures of my many attempts to find meaning have been the handicap of my creative process. To dream of grandeur, and fall short of what I dream, is the most heartbreaking reality of what I wish to offer in the prophetic mission of recreating the entire world. It is enough to

breath life into the heart of the individual people that wish to wake to the greater reality of life. It is enough to touch a single soul. There is no need to touch mankind in the archetype of a new idea that might appear alien to the psyche of the world. It is not necessary to touch anyone, with the exception of making amends to the souls you have hurt.

In dealing with any archetype I chose to bring light to the old soldier of old man river, as he who simply fades away. There is nothing new about him, but he is an aspect of us all. As they say about the river of the old man, he is tired of living, but he does not want to die. Being an artist I was always more impressed with the permanence and immortality of an object trapped within the world of a silent moment. I always felt that the work of sculpture was a more impressive form of expression. Visiting museums and

witnessing the neurology of the mind through the eyes of stone was always as haunting as witnessing the concept of a God or Goddess. I do not have the skill to create the work of what I most admire. But I have a camera to make the immortal archetype of our eternal unrest a reproduction of the immortal within the creative process of multimedia.

I enjoy working with the medium of the computer in the digital surrealism of what appears to me as an image of what I might dream. The lucidity of what I can manifest in the digital collage comes closer to the psychic theater of what I envision when I close my eyes in the resolution of any given moment. Or simply the hypnogogic moments that come to me to speak of the supernatural. Just as the language of our conversations might point to a memory, language can also point to the juxtaposition of

an image we absorb from the mass media of our age. When we think in symbols as they correspond to our real world situations we have a collective of the world we absorb.

We can easily say that we are the conceptual work of our psyche in correlation to our organic self. Both mind and matter play upon the missing link of our synchronicity in any given moment of raising our awareness. I admire the work of sculpture as an archetype of what we are in the awareness of our character as we are surrounded by the sheer objectivity of our reality. We exist as the immortal moment of any symbol that we raise into our conscious being in the consecutive problems that we solve. As creatures of consciousness that shape ourselves between the unconscious bliss of birth and death we are the work of art that we create ourselves to be. Our psychic self is unique to our own

personal unconscious in relation to the archetypes that we form in the language of our symbols.

The symbol of the statue, as Edison might say that there should be light, invents the magic of our own awareness to the objectivity of our reality. The archetype of the soldier is an excellent symbol of what we are in our modern day society. This symbol relates to us that our conscious awareness, which unfolds before our eyes, becomes the age of our anxiety in the curse of our consciousness. As we mature, we find that life is a series of unanswered questions, where we only answer the riddles with our own inner voice.

I chose to generalize about the symbols that I create in terms of our collective understanding of the world we all create. The expansion of our consciousness between the dust to dust

mysteries of what we are appears to me in the form of eternal unrest. An archetype of the immortal moment is the island of what I wish to elaborate on in perceiving the sheer objectivity of our reality. Such a reality is an ocean that surrounds us while we ponder deeper and deeper levels of consciousness in the course of our existence. From this the earliest metaphor of man is the fisherman, or he who only finds pleasure in the inner work of his internal reality. The masculine psychology of this symbol is now relevant to all of us in the need to survive the psychological wars of our times. But as I also deal with my own masculinity I wish to create a masculine archetype for the sake of honoring the male role models of my life.

Some find no meaning in the society we inhabit, but the moments of our psychic world as we search the collective of our

mystery. They are the soldiers of thought that seek peace in the purpose of their silent contemplation. These are the hermits of the Western World that often find the reclusive life to be the romance with the God concept of their choice. They are the monastic that I always admired within the wisdom of their inner life. We may not understand them as soldiers, as much as we might understand them as simply being the solitary agents of the psyche.

We may not all be the *Jedi Master* of the *Force* that binds the world in our synchronicities. But even so, we are all symbols of our eternal unrest in the world between the noumenal realities of Kantian reason. Such realities are arrived through the a priori means of pure reason which creates the boundaries of human understanding. There is a door we can not open. Or as we peer

beyond the curtain of perception, we can not know the impossibility of not sensing, unless we let our imagination overpower our sense of reality.

The same reason that reasons the paradoxical existence of the Kantian noumenal also creates the objects of science in the logic of our artificial products. The philosophy of Hume could never organize the structure of the mind in the way we build upon the inherited schematics of our psyche. The direction we can foresee is simply the false reality that we wish to elaborate upon in the future of our virtual worlds. Society wishes to take itself into the artificial intelligence of a mind bending maze in the virtual reality that is the destined environment of what our technology can create.

Life itself, in the authenticity of what we are, is more of an

unusual expression in the dream of a surrealist. Dreams are closer to the truth of the unconscious, and closer to the emotional truth of our actual lives, as we resolve emotional problems in our waking world. The psyche has a language of our psychological attachments and associations with the many meanings that emerge from the unconscious. There is a language of love in fighting for the resolution of our maturity, as creatures that must offer love in order to receive it. There is respect, and there is fear, and there are other attitudes we take towards others. But what type of man wants people to take these types of attitudes towards him without the love that precipitates the respect? I personally want love more than I want to be a threat among society in the fear of the stigma of my mental illness. So I resolve the archetype of the soldier as he that fights within the internal struggle of his trapped torment in order to unfold the meaning he resolves unto

the world.

The poetic art of what we conjure in the miracles of each moment are the true meaning of the lives that we live. We can create our moments in the magic of our gestures, or we fail to mean the reason that our reason can not explain. I was always touched by the movie Jesus of Nazareth as something that my parents always wished me to model myself after. I would cry when Christ said he came to save the wretched. The character that played the role of Jesus was very gifted, but I understood Christ as a man that simply achieved the wisdom of his incredible strength. This was something that I did not have.

In the movie, the character of Christ said to be forewarned that the kingdom of heaven is upon us, which I always believed to be the most mistaken words I have ever heard. A figure such as

Christ, as he existed on such a higher level of clairvoyance, was probably the most misunderstood individual in the course of history. The reality of his life in scripture could not be true to the reality of the man. And the mere men that studied his discipline could not touch his level of wisdom by writing the fairy tale version. Nor could they suppress the fact that Mary Magdalene might have actually been the foremost disciple of Christ. I often imagine what type of interpretation we might have of the Bible if it was introduced in conjunction with the surrealist movement. We might find that it is actually written as a surrealist text in the art of inducing the trance of our meditations.

I come to imagine Christ as an individual who warned of the kingdom of heaven in the perception of our own experience. To look upon the kingdom of heaven is to envision an object of

reality, such as the psyche, without the conscious elaboration of language. The light is here as we perceive something beautiful in the sheer objectivity of its nature without projecting our subjective and psychic drama. We do not arrive at an archetype of the collective by the means of what we reason. Rather, we experience the naïve and primordial objects of pure form with little or no understanding other than the clairvoyance of our experience. To envision the Self, as the central archetype of the psyche, is to realize the treasures of the moment that enlightens us for the rest of our lives.

The archetype of the soldier as the martyr of what we remember can also be seen in the prophetic mission of Christ. He is an archetype of convention, as a common theme in the collective of our history. Whether we witness him as a man, as a

myth, or an archetype, the structure of his life is seen as a pattern that people already know before they find the conscious elaboration of his story. We believe it is there in the naïve and primordial experience as we find the symbolic language that reminds us of what we already experienced in the remote reaches of our deepest visions.

The soldier we find fading away can actually be the Biblical account of what we have heard throughout the course of the past two millenniums. There will never be another Christ in the same sense that there will never be another band as popular as the Beatles. They are the original ideas of what we can not repeat. We may come in contact with the alien elaboration of extraterritorial life that expands upon the vision of our alien archetypes. But only then will we discover fire for the second

time in the course of human evolution. We foresee our alien encounters as new archetypes in the collective, but we have no factual information that elaborates on the naïve understanding of what we foresee. We are still searching for the new Bible in the course of human existence. What we have failed to see before our own eyes is the manifestation of this new religion in the collective content of the internet. We have already raised the treasures of Jungian theory in the proof we have brought forth from the unconscious to create the mass awareness of the collective.

What I find more interesting about the reality of our life is actually not the metaphysical realm of what we build. The castles upon the cloud of what we imagine are not relevant to the objectivity of the moment we are aware of in the clarity we find.

It is the seemingly insignificant moments of each situation that presents our own resolutions of solving problems which amaze me. Even in the slightest moments of mere courtesy we make our magic linger in the act of our conversations, our gestures, and our mannerisms. The little things can speak quite loudly of our character as they accumulate in the shape of something more than the measure of our majesty beneath the night sky.

Often times I am amazed at the large amount of information I have absorbed from the world around me in the content that rises from my unconscious when I exist in any one situation. Kantian reason claims that all knowledge is based on experience. But we do not simply experience life as we also experience the vast ocean of our mass forms of media, as well as the content of what we dream in the shape of our memory. This is as though the

memories of our waking life that we live among our social interaction are no more important than the quality of other objects of memory.

When I find myself waking to the dreams of my psychic theater I reach a conscious level of what I dream. I remember the majority of my dreams as often as I reflect on the moments of my waking life. When we recall our dreams we juxtapose three things in any given moment of what we are aware of. The crystal vision of our conscious ego, as we are aware of the sheer objectivity that surrounds us, merges memory, dreams, and the present situation that we find ourselves in.

In resolving the clarity of our objective reality we approach the real world in the act of resolving every situation through our words, our imagination, and our actions. When situations arise

we can find the memories of our entire existence in the form of our dreams, our waking experience, and what we absorb from our mass media. Dreams can appear as memories, and we can also find that our memories appear as dreams.

The need to distinguish the two appears as we make decisions that actually possess the meaning of our psychic self. There is no moment that we are aware of when our thoughts and symbols do not influence the decisions that we make. Whether we become conscious of the influences, or they simply act upon us in the unconscious form of our behavior, they exist on different levels of our awareness.

We can resolve our waking reality in the same way we resolve a dream. This is true when we become conscious of the symbols that might present themselves as the obstacles of a

reoccurring dream. The level of awareness upon the black board of our psychic theater as we approach a symbol that amasses many different associations is something that we conquer as an obstacle of our unresolved emotion. In overcoming any symbol we allow are unconscious landscape to move beyond the mythical proportions of any symbol that might block the resolution of our maturity. We can grow beyond the emotional mind to the next level of our spirituality.

This is tackled in the same way we tackle our waking reality. In some cases we may find an irrational situation of our emotions in the realm of our conscious ego as we are aware of the objective world that surrounds us. Depending on the content of our unconscious as it rises into our conscious awareness when we confront a situation we can overcome the emotional mind of such

a situation.

When we confront the demons of our past, or when we confront the objective of the future it might attempt to knock us back into our past. We resolve our waking reality in the same way that we conquer the obstacles of our visionary world. When we unite these worlds as realms of what we juxtapose we reach higher levels of clarity in the form of realizing the experience of new archetypes that we seek to elaborate on in the search for deeper meaning and spiritual growth.

The reality of our linear life in the path of the moment is a road similar to that which we replicate in the same decision making that we implement in our computer programming. The difference between the path of a program and our life is that we think and act in accordance with the juxtapositions of our

memories while we resolve our emotional mind in the act of our imagination. The emotional element of our mind can be full of fear, irrational thinking, anger, love, etc…But as we exist in the moment of each situation it is necessary to control our thought in order to resolve the situations we find ourselves in. We do this through the innovation of our highest quality. We do this in the exercise of our imagination.

The structure we apply to our programming is a closed system of decisions that we make in order to end the program in the course of the right decisions. We blame the computer for the psychic drama that we project unto the logical reality of what we program. A clearly written program that functions in the logic of our own intelligence only sings songs about daisies in the case that we program the machine to have a prophetic mission of its

own. We project the art of our own life in the irrational of our own emotional mind to the logic of what we worship as the life we believe we create. The psychic dramas of our own decisions make the computer appear to have intelligence. Or it simply creates the mythical meaning that we paint on the cave in the shadows that Plato might call the false reality of our master slave relationship.

By the means of our imagination we merge the meaning of every decision in the art of the psyche, as an object that is true to the reality of our mind's eye. This eye might be considered the true form of nature, as opposed to the substantiality of the natural world. What we hold in the content of the moment as the scope of what we make conscious is the reality of what we are throughout the process of solving problems in the series of our

life. It is true that we can expand the form of the ego to hold what might overwhelm us to the reality of death.

The clarity of our thoughts and actions comes from the source of our unconscious influences. As we are aware of our conscious stream of thought, unconscious elements often rise to the surface of our ego. This can be a matter of complete confusion and the utmost disorientation if we do not resolve every moment of each decision. The synchronicity of acting as we think is in accordance with the resolution of our unconscious content as it rises into our awareness.

With this said, the surreal image of what I created possesses the confusion of any given moment. Our unconscious mind creates the schematic of what we can be in the conscious moment of any situation. It can easily be said that we face the sheer

objectivity of reality in accordance with the psychic theater of our unconscious. Such raises from the depths of the treasures that we posses if we raise the sand of our abyss to the core of our ego.

The image that I conjured can be a true reflection of what our inner world might look like as we are also aware of our waking reality. The aspects of the psyche are an unusual work of art that the surrealist knows well as the projection of our subjective world, which we project onto our objective situations. The ego can expand into the vast reaches of that which surrounds us in the hurricane of our psychic life.

This is almost in the same way that our psyche swells beyond the scope of our physical reality. Others might witness the surreality that we create in the symbols of our visionary thought. There are people on the elevator who can witness the world of

what our ego is when we stretch beyond the archaic form of our flesh and blood.

We act as we think when we are conscious of the world within the entire scope of our ego. If we are a true apprentice of the unconscious the poetry of our thought is a symbolic language of who we are. We are dust to dust, and the meaning we make in the moment in between. Our sensitivity to psychic phenomenon can be the gift of our deeds in the eyes of our most insignificant gestures. Or this can be the curse of our gifts in the vanity of our need to succeed with the purpose of our own self fulfillment in the human condition of our egocentricity.

So what does the soldier have to do with any of this? Old soldiers simply fade away, or do they simply surround themselves with the aura of the surreal reality we call the psyche? The

higher thought of those that see the world within the expansion of our moments might be the chosen people of the mentally ill. Those that think among their own illness know the reality of mind in the supernatural education that does not require a degree. And as I know the formal education of those that know nothing, the ones that journey through the underground of their own psychic world are the raw members of society.

The soldier is also the general of his internal process as he controls the flying fabric of the psyche in the form of the schematics he must use to focus his moments in the eye of our hurricanes. Hurricanes happen when we let the symbolic language of our visionary world fly free from the confines of our schematic. Without the control of our own conscious ego we let ourselves flood out of the reason that we use to reason our mind.

We broadcast to those with eyes that see the world of our superhuman punishments. The old soldiers of the psychic war receive their education in the riddle of the silence that surrounds them. In the art of the occult that surrounds us we let our mind flood unto our environment in the aura of our visionary world. Clarity comes from the depth of what we master in the problem solving situations of focusing our schematic. Without a frame of thought it can appear that we are the disjointed flow of an ever-present moment in the philosophy of Hume.

The human mind has a schematic and there is a damn good reason. Jung stressed the meaning and purpose of the magic circles. Gandhi talked of the spinning wheel. The acceleration of organizing the contents of the psyche is of the utmost importance in moments of turmoil and the trauma of our psychic existence.

The psyche accelerates the spinning mandala of our neurology as it appears in the art of our visionary world.

When we apply our imagination to the artificial structure of our psyche in the shape of our technology we create an operating system. Programs might fly free in the chaos of Hume and the theory of the mind as a blank slate. The inherited aspect of the collective unconscious in the form of our genetic makeup, and now in the form of our digital environment, must have a foundation to hold the symbolic language of our mind together. We focus the stream of our conscious thought for a reason. We master the synchronicity in the relationship between the mind and the brain in order to restructure the broken structures of the ladder we climb. To reach the wisdom of our maturity, our path is the many treasures of our spiritual life as we mind our mentors.

In the moment of our death as we face the forbidden world of what we can not know there is only one object of hope. The greatest vision of what we can hope for is our ability to actualize the entire scope of the psyche in the schematic that clears our path. What might terrify us in the uncertainty of our transition are the objects of thought that don't let us go. The freedom of all attachment is something we let go of as objects of life that we have won, or conquered in the quest for the Buddhist concept of nirvana.

When we let go of the world we have lost in the sense of suicide, as our self destruction takes many forms, there is no clarity of our transition. The conscious perfection of adulthood in the form of the Jungian redemption is the clear stream of consciousness in our continuous moment. In this respect, we

approach the resolution of every situation with the ever flowing imagination in the series of our problem solving. But the empty abyss of our schematic deterioration in the near death experience of our failed life is the greatest degree of darkness in the reflection of our regrets. Old soldiers fade away, only if it is the case that they allow themselves to will their death. This is the failure of their challenge to apply the teachings of their mentors in the test of their own journey.

The miracle of the creative process in the waking dreams of our visionary world is something that I might compare to prayer in the archetype of the Father. There is a psychological role that my true father comes to play in the lessons of confronting the shadow. The prayer of the creative process is actually the merger of heart and practical in the act of making magic out of thin air.

It is a prayer that puts the creative process in motion. We make the eyes of another soul light up like the Christmas tree of the gifts we give them. The symbolic formula in the use of our multimedia, as the combined focus of our expression, can bring others to conscious levels of the primordial dreams that rest in their unconscious. We have the ability to elaborate on the sleeping giants of another individual's dreams in the act of waking them to the reality of their unfulfilled potential.

We can serve the self serving archetype of our own solar system. We can let others revolve around the sun of our own formation in the conscious awaking of our existential being. We can love the thinking thing of Descartes' viscous circle that reasons the insanity of living in the groove of our broken record. It is very true that we can love the vanity of our own amusement

in the mirror of our own privacy. We can laugh quite loud at the silly human race that we leave behind. We can simply think of this thinking thing in the reality of what we can only apply to stand up comedy.

The joker loves to laugh at the devilish tongue that runs circles around the amazement of the mere mortals who hate him with a fury. He laughs his way to the grave, and he dies the lonely death of cracking up. What a silly human race indeed, when we admire the mirror in the darkness of our own amusement. How the flying saucers of our eyes reflect from the illusion of our most maddening revelation that we actually exist.

Our existentiality has a place and purpose, but the reality check outside the window of our own little world has a place and purpose too. We can stand atop the summit and look down upon

the artery of the circuit boards that layer the surface of the Earth. The organization of our electric light might summon something out there in the advent of extraterrestrial life, or the advent of our own life.

The archetype of our father is the concept of the collective that comes to take us home. In whatever form he might arrive, he has a lesson to impart upon our own need to elaborate the genetic makeup of our inheritance. We can imagine the sublime nature of our psyche in the archetypes that we can symbolize by the innovation of manifesting the mandala. From the turmoil of our most absurd circumstance in the face of uncovering our creation, we can simply depend upon the happenstance of conscious reflection. What other need do we have than the need to complete the riddle of the inherited mind? For what purpose do

we receive the archetypal patterns of our dreams unless we elaborate upon the schematic of what we inherit as that which we serve?

The soldier I created now appears to take on the Greek inheritance in the Socratic martyr of philosophy. But I use him in the Jungian sense of organizing the magic of my own neurological art. As I unravel the conscious elaboration of what my unconscious creates, I find the father of our history in the education of my apprenticeship.

I endure as a student under the wing of what my philosophy professor bestowed to me in the lessons of my most challenging dreams. I work within the art of my own discipline. The archetype of the father presents himself to me as I also understand the psychological role that my true father taught me

in the earliest years of my religious education. From my true father, I inherited the origin of our being, as I turn to the myth of Creationism as the Intelligent Design of the psyche itself.

If we apply reason to the miracle of life we are hardly here by the gift of anything that means something. The greater heights of our conscious awareness can actualize the scope of the psyche as the most meaningful reality of our visionary world. In actuality, we are the individual of our own creative process. We are the genetic makeup that we uncover in the meaning that we chose to become. We serve our inheritance in the treasures of our own character, only if we desire the education of our unconscious influences.

In understanding the unconscious factors that dictate the small scope of our ego, we are the direction of what we envision.

If one practices the art of believing in the scripture of the Bible we sometimes search for passages in the same way we await the fortune cookie of our Chinese restaurants. In the scope of our Biblical life we always find the passage that elaborates on the primordial or naïve understanding of what we are looking for. They say you must believe it is there, and in the creative process of our prayer we find the words that touch us the most. They can be the most absurd punishments as the following fate that I received:

Yet even in those days – It is Yahweh who speaks

I shall not destroy you completely

And when the ask,

"Why has Yahweh our God done all of this to us?"

You are to give them this answer,

As you have abandoned me to serve alien Gods in your own land,

So you must serve aliens in a land that is not your own.

Jeremiah 5:19

It's not a joke – Its Shakespeare.

In the discipline of Jungian thought we enter into the realm of our own synchronicity with the spirit of what we already know. When we visit with a fortune teller, or those that practice the ancient art of seeing so much in the character we present, we are simply told the insight that we ourselves have yet to make conscious. The wonder of waking our unconscious to the reality of our fortune is the resolution of our diamond in the cavern of our most unbearable nightmare. But the traumatic pain as we

resolve the emotional mind of our life experience can strike us down in the form of the insight we receive. The complexes of any individual in the scars of what they repress can cause the disassociation of their relation to our societal identity. Even in the format of our therapeutic settings, too much insight can blind us to the knowledge of ourselves as we lose our relation to the structure of the society we inhabit.

In understanding the psychological role that the true father plays with his son, the archetype of the father becomes a conscious factor in masculine psychology. As someone that always understood the Trinity of Christ in terms of the Mother, The Son, and the absent Father, it is a complete journey for me to realize the archetype of the father in the family structure. The true father is becoming the missing element of our society in the

wonder of the Anti-Christ that we wish to raise. The archetype of the father, which is missing from the Trinity of Christ, gives man the psychological attachment to the dominance of his mother. The mere human of the God gene is hardly the true image of that which is divine. The truth of man's social superior is the dominance of mankind's motherhood over the life in which he is raised.

The father of our inherited mind, or he who provides in the absence of his psychological role with his son takes the form of the archetype we know in the Trinity. He is the absent figure of our society. The symbolism in the Trinity of Christ adorns the family structure of the Divine Mother in her absolute dominance over the symbol of the Christ Child. The unconscious relationship between the actual son and his true mother is often played out in

the form of a marriage. They do not even acknowledge the presence of a father. In the visionary world, the mother demands her will upon the act of raising Christ in the form of her true son.

In the symbolism of our religious language, as we understand Christianity, the father of a young man is not a factor in the family structure of the Trinity. The image of the Divine Mother serves to retard the personal growth of the son in the incestuous form of the unconscious relationship. The actual son takes the life of Christ in the religious worship of the Divine Mother. His true mother demands the same loyalty of no escape from the motherhood that dominates his infantile and autistic life. The dominating mothers of our religious formula, project the image of Christ upon the young man. Depending on the power of his true mother's religious convictions he is served what might be the

premature death of his ability to survive.

Being raised in the Christian faith of my fanatic family I was meant to have a religious life. No such luck, unless I read about Jung. I am closer to my heart in the form of my foundation, but waking to the symbolism of my mother I never wanted to carry the cross of my religious trip. The overbearing archetype of the mother serves to keep a young man in the arrested development of a child complex.

In our modern day society, it is difficult to understand that there are not many educated mentors who are involved in the maturity of a young man's masculine psychology. It is often the missing element that allows the archetype of the mother to dominate the young man's psyche. In the analysis of the Western World and its use of religious symbolism the young man is meant

to be the loyal subject of the mother throughout the entire course of his life. It is a life of independence beneath the motherhood of every woman he meets. The autistic life of his infantile relationship with his true mother is his inherited horror. She robs him of his masculinity in his failure to break free from the mother complex that weakens the fabric of his very being.

Some mothers would rather have daughters, and every time I read the writing on the wall, we want Christ to come back in the new structure of the broken family. I prefer to walk the world alone in the witness of my own parent's miserable failure to agree on a sound use of religious practice in the experiment that they made of me. Some members of a family are meant to be sick, as the entire structure of the family surrounds them in the torment of the psychological cyclone that deems the individual an

incapable invalid. The religious life I was meant to have simply means resolving the religious trivia that I inherited.

In the earliest years of my life I personally never wanted to see my father as the object of society's emasculation in the form of the feminist movement. My father was originally someone I admired before my mother eventually punished him to the darkness of George Lucas. I saw a parallel between the Star Wars Saga and the father that served in Vietnam. My own father served in Vietnam and returned to the underground of the drug culture. He was lucky in the respect that he did not see action. Yet he was the unwanted hero of our country's disgrace. In the mythology of Star Wars the father figure struck me as the shadow archetype of the Vietnam Veteran. The actual son of our society comes to terms with his true father's dishonor in the stigma his

father receives. The true son wakes to the society that stigmatized his father. Lucas dramatized this father son relationship during a period that followed the war. He sublimated the issue in the darkest fantasy of our science fiction. Lucas created the immortal archetypes of our supernatural adventure on the big screen of his following.

Through my own path in making sense of the darkness, the archetype of the father was revealed to me in the test of confronting the ugly image of what I was. I saw myself in the image of my father and the number that my mother did on the forehead of his lonely relationship with the truth of the televised world. My father had nothing, but the miserable nightshift of juvenile criminals in the training school that robbed him of life. My true mother, in the art of the blessed nun, wore his pants in

the act of betraying my father's sense of masculinity.

My father appeared before my brothers, and especially before myself, as the dismal man that my mother dominated. Her gift might terrify any man to carefully heed the lesson of John Bobbitt. Maybe I wanted to learn something about married life, as I reflect on my father, and my mother who was once a nun. The religious trip is the most frightening inheritance of any young man that wants the liberation of his own individuality. It still amazes me that the mental health system uses religion as one of its most powerful allies without applying the psychological approach to our collective religions.

I was meant to contemplate my father's shame while I faced the shame of my own death in society. I was the Christ child of the religious life I was meant to live in the respect and honor of

my mother. I was raised in the environment that surrounded me with the prejudice of religion, as I wanted to be the magician of my own symbolic art. This is where I deviate from my father. He was forced to seek his sense of dignity in the organized work of his religious life, and in the politics that made him love the country. My father had no wonder in life, and he didn't have a wife that stood beside his need to find himself in our society. There was always one thing about my father that I could trust, and that was the fact that my mother put me in the same category as him.

I truly disagree with the story of the Fisher King as a map of reality that professes the mother archetype. This is the archetype that a young man is meant to serve in the role of his masculine psychology. The completed path in the journey of Jungian

thought is meant to envision the archetype of the father. The wisdom of a young man comes from his apprenticeship as he seeks the wisdom of his mentors in finding the inherited mind of his true father. I personally use the imagination in the inherited gifts of my mother as the magic of the creative process. But I wish to learn the masculinity of the creative process in what I know of the psychological role that my true father plays in the course of my maturity.

As a young man I became conscious of the marriage that I shared with my actual mother when I came across the writing of Jung's synergy of anima and animus. I was more than aware that I could never have a healthy relationship with a woman that was once a nun. The marriage of mother and son helps both of them betray life. Only when the son overcomes the dominance of the

mother archetype in developing relationships with women does he see the true form of a woman in her many roles among our society. She is no longer the projection of what a young man inherits in the psychic gift of his mother. The young man opens his eyes to what a woman is as a modern peer among himself in the new world of seeing her as an individual without projecting the mother complex upon her. She is every role that a woman can be in the society that she now inhabits in the same capacity of what a man can accomplish.

In waking from the unconscious synergy of anima and animus, as a young man masters the process of his individuating process, the spell of mankind's motherhood is lifted in the eyes that see a woman in the light of her relation to our society. Not simply as a mother, but as a peer in the level of maturity that a

young man finds by overcoming the dominating influence that the mother has over the scope of a young man's psyche. If the mother son relationship is deteriorating the psyche of both individuals than the complete and utter divorce of the two family members is a matter of survival.

As a visually inspired individual of what I write there is a purpose behind the symbolic use of the images I create. They are placed in the motivating aspect of unraveling my unconscious. We resolve our dreams in the same sense that we meditate on the art we craft from our unconscious. There is a need to organize the mind in the image of our symbols, or we wouldn't have a reason to dream. Imagine life without ever dreaming. How would we resolve our emotional mind without the language of what we create in the symbolism of what we dream? We

confront reality by resolving our emotions while we are in the act of dreaming.

Some of our most trying tests take place in the challenge of our most painful dreams. We juxtapose them with the waking word we resolve in the series of problems that we encounter. Our dreams can pose the most complex problems that make our waking life appear to be in conjunction with the challenge of uniting both worlds in the synchronicity of one life. Our societal situations can transform into the prophetic expectation of fulfilling what we dream in each situation.

Life is no longer new to me. I've dreamt it before. A long time ago in the psychic theater that prophesized the world I merged with my creative mind. Surrealism is the movement of liberating the world we dream as the reality we live. Merging

heart and practical in the art of actualizing the happenstance of our synchronicities is the art of dreaming the world in the frontier that we might term the red dust of dawn.

When we see the vision of our mass associations, each of us is interrelated in the craft of the society that shares its dreams. A society that speaks in the open forum of sharing the world we dream liberates the potential of our entire psyche. When we speak of the symbolic language in the deeper levels of what we communicate we actually tap into the full potential of our interpersonal relationships.

Imagine a society with the dreams of what we need not hide. Image if we liberate ourselves from the false belief that we are islands. The symbolic language of what we dream is the true language that makes our universal mathematics seem irrelevant

to any form of meaningful communication. We should save the numbers for the computer, as the numbers we are becoming. But we think and act upon the deeper level of what we dream.

The fact that we communicate with walls around our dreams allows us to live in the meaningless world of our so called existence. There is no sadder form of death in the absurd circumstance of our society. Is it any wonder we trust the God of the American dream in the happiness we find on the dollar bill? The God concept of the Constitution pursues the empty reality in the path we pave. The street upon the wilderness of our true nature is not quite the same as the freedom we have in the hope of what we once had.

Happiness is as simple as sharing a gesture with someone who has nothing to live for. We complicate the issue in the road

to realize that our priority rests behind the duty we perform behind the cash register. The structure of corporate America does not recognize the fact that helpless people fall right before their eyes. The symbolic language that we create of our commercial art may as well be the religious formula of the God concept that we create in our prayer to climb the ladder of a meaningless success in our corporate reality.

It was always my greatest dream to be a productive member of the society that lost the human instinct to help someone to their feet. The saddest misconception of the human race is that we model ourselves after the artificial structures that we create. The purpose of our technology is to record and actualize a working model of the psyche in the microcosm of our collective contributions. Our innovation should lead us to the revelation of

our reflection in the mixed media of the senses that we reverberate in raising our level of consciousness.

Most people might do what they love doing if they found their niche as it applied to the working model of the real world. The successes of those that do what they enjoy are not as many in the reality of our ever changing roller coaster. Some people simply dream of finding themselves in the peace of their surroundings. The hostile environment that we often wish we can bend to the power of our will usually teaches us a false sense of security.

The monuments we create of our ideal dreams are not the immortal body and blood of Christ. We all reach the age of our mortality when our life has passed us by in the futile plans of the future. We mistake what we foresee within the lightning of our

life. Our reaction is often what we realize in the separate senses that delay the single moment of one event. We see our life in the thunder that follows the flash of what we seal in the curtain of what we perceive. The near death of the downpour resolves the riddle in the instant of waking to the darkest revelation. The entire collective of mankind comes knocking on our door of what we imagine in the most frightening Halloween of our own freak show.

Some people might not do what they love if it brought them to the darkest misery of self destruction. Some people might not desire to dwell in the darkness of their own abyss. Not unless they survived with the wisdom of what they struggled to defeat in the dead eyes of their decent. The eternal moments of our deepest unrest are the disintegration of our humanity.

As the subjective creatures of our objective reality, we can project the greatest terrors that rest beyond the curtain of perception. The Kantian reason of the noumenal reality is the other side of what we can possibly imagine in the sheer collapse of reason. The imagination is the gift of the creative mind in solving problems. The means of our imagination in the act of seeing beyond the curtain of what we can possibly perceive is not the path of what we should imagine. Unless our creative mind applies to common place reality, in practicing the discipline of what we imagine, we may as well live in our own disgust. Heart and practical is the art of lifting the lost from the endless dream that they are dead.

In seeking my own vision in life, as the pioneer of my own darkness, I am mesmerized by the work of Jung. The collective

unconscious is no longer something that we inherit in our genes as the deeper level of our personal unconscious. We create the microcosm in the proof of our inherited mind as we shape the artificial structure of the internet. The true purpose of mankind's collective effort is to record our reflection in the multimedia of what we can sense. This is the act of raising our consciousness to the level of a worldwide archetype in the artificial structure we should deem the tool of our individuation.

It is possible to realize the entire scope of the world within the span of a single moment as we free associate upon the crystal dream of the collective we created. From dust of nature's dawn to the dust of new beginnings, we are being in the light of the meaning that we find in the act of raising our new life. We live again from the death of what we once dreamt. The garden is

gone in the dawn of time while we pave the world with our imagination. We can never return to the natural state of our unconscious perfection. We can only move forward from the natural world we reserve in the distant shores of time. We can only forge deeper and deeper levels of consciousness in the scope of what we individuate within our ego. Man is no longer surrounded by the bliss of his foremost preoccupation, which is his greatest interest in the act of idleness.

Jungian thought places a great deal of importance upon the archetype of man's anima, or the feminine trait of his psyche, as the soul of man. It is that which wakes him, but that which he can not control as an unconscious influence of his conscious ego. The anima wakes man to the original sin of what he forgets in the unconscious bliss of his sound sleep. The Creationism of the

Intelligent Design is what we find when we reengineer the origin of the psyche. Depending upon the culture we all have a different version of our own creation. The inherited mind of my parents provided me with the mythology of the Catholic religion as the specific formula I use to understand the psyche.

The factors that create the origin of the psyche are relevant to the culture that creates the myth of their society. As a race we accumulate the history of our existence from the earliest myths that form the human mind in the act of waking to our conscious being. Philosophers prefer to reason meaning in the concepts that they create. But Kantian thought reminds me that reason simply reasons the limit of what we can possibly know in the barrier of our noumenal being. According to the view of my philosophy professor Kant revolutionized the art of philosophy after the work

of David Hume. But any meaning he found within the scope of human existence was bound beyond the curtain of what we can possibly perceive as the noumenal reality of its own paradoxical existence. Reason means nothing. This is where I ended the mate with my professor in the test of my own character. The magic of our reality is the miracle of our happenstance, as we forge the form of our collective existence in the act of taking our own approach to the meaning we create.

Why do we stress over the meaning of our existence in the violent acts of our young men? Why do our young men malfunction in their failure to recognize that our meaning is the discipline of our psychic pain and our unresolved anger? I have personally stood in the shoes of my most brutal thoughts, as I turned them inward against myself. But what do we do to resolve

the emotional mind that torments us in the need to act in accordance with our anger and rage? How do we find healthy outlets of channeling the natural anger that we all experience? And how do we discipline ourselves to deal with the breakdowns that make us appear to be the greatest threats of our society? In the form of the paranoid society we create the only thing I witness in the commercial space of our city are outright attacks on the collective character of men. What hope is there for any young man in a society that brands us in the birth of a bastard? That's how anti-Christ's are born in the deep roots of our religious community that we fail to separate from the state. We live in the false belief that our organized religions are truly patriarchal. Christ inherited the mind of his family structure, which determined the entire course of his prophetic mission.

In the pressure of any young man's road to maturity as he works within the world of his masculine psychology I often wonder of the moments that fold in on themselves. There are those that focus, and then there are those that fold. Moments often run away from the linear time of the path we forge. Some moments can appear to us in the same way we stand between two mirrors in infinite recursion. We see our reflection in the endless conundrum of an infinity that does not conform to the reality of the past or our future. We simply exist in an endless series of reflections that fold in on the moments of what we should do in order to free ourselves from the prison of our paralysis. In moments such as these we realize how deep the endless spiral of our decisions actually are in order to return to the course of the path we wish to forge, or the path we wish to follow.

Such circumstances of our existential dread can lead to the panic of suicide. An apprentice of the mirror may find no hope in the eternal life of reflections, as islands of disbelief in the lost soul of our existentiality. Our sense of reason does not apply to the conundrum of the black hole that swallows the light of our deepest dread. We must resolve an image of meaning as we focus within the bottomless hole. Otherwise; we may as well succumb to the pitfall of our existence as the actuality of not existing. Without the tools of our imagination in the process of our decision making we reason with no reason at all. The meaning of our symbolic language as we know it to appear in the course of our dreams is the tool by which we solve the most absurd dilemma. Life is a series of problems, and this remains the most terrifying form of what our problems may present.

Shakespeare asked the question, to be or not to be? Should we let the despair of our decisions lead us to our own extinction? The purpose of our being is not to reason the absurd life of our noumenal being. There is a greater sense of duty as we find meaning in the act of unfolding ourselves unto our society. The creative process of our life is what we chose our lives to mean. The fallen victim of the mental illness that drowns beneath the surface of our civilization in the bottom of our paralysis is never presented with an answer. The answer we should seek is our own inner voice in accordance with what we learn from the objective opinion of our mentors. The education of what we learn throughout the course of history accumulates the meaning of what we imagine to be in the form of what we envision.

To truly see is to open our eyes to what we already know in

the wisdom of our spirituality. What we dream is the art of what we find. Our belief in the meaning of our lives is the missing element of the inner voice that points us in the right direction. The mandala is an object of meaning in the sudden turmoil of the sense we lose in our relation to society. The thought of a schematic as we focus on the archetype we find is the wisest form of our original mentor. In the Intelligent Design of what we re-engineer we can realize the origin of the happenstance that gave form from the chaos of the absurd reason that we must mean something.

In the structure of what I believe, within the religion that I was raised, I apply the Jungian theory of the psyche in the meditations of my own life. There are many variations of the myth that raised the mansion of Jung's collective. I rely upon the

archetype of the father, as a conceptual idea of the collective we make conscious. The entire world is relative to the eternal unrest of our unconscious conflict in the way we pray for peace among men while we prepare for the worst of what we can possibly imagine. The thing that I admired about Kant was the fact that he stressed the importance of duty. This sense of duty is the act of believing in the meaning of our purpose to search ourselves in the lives we chose to mean something to others.

In the age of our mortality, as I search myself from the fountain of my foundation, I come to find the God concept of Yahweh. Yahweh is one of many archetypes that rest in the collective in accordance with the discipline of Jungian thought. The higher powers are all situational in relation to our personal understanding. But simply as a concept, or an original idea, that I

have the power to envision as a surreal object of what I believe to be there. Or what I can re-engineer as the origin of every direction in the unconscious influences that dictate my life.

Jung terms this God concept to be the pure idea of a conceptual reality in the union of opposites as they still exist in an undivided state. This is the same concept that creates the synergy of our anima and animus in the same mythology of Creationism. In the Yin and the Yang we find the same archetype in the Eastern treasures of the collective revelation of what we make conscious. The Intelligent Design of our origin is actually what we manifest within our visionary world. We uncover the purity of form in the language of the symbolism that we dare to dream.

The psyche is the acceleration of our collective concepts as they manifest within the art of any given moment. The most

painful conclusion in the creative process of life is the release of the meaning we create in the art of what we chose to become. The greatest meaning we find is the inner voice of what we serve as the archetype of what we imagine to be before our eyes. The revelation of heart and practical is the conscious liberation of what we dream, as we dream the collective experience in the search of creating the origin of our own meaning. Such an act of meaning is not simply the act of our own reflection, but observing that which we serve. As a young man in a meaningless society I relate to people who lash out and simply pray for death. What meaning is there in Einstein's definition of insanity. The sun rises and the sun sets in a meaningless merry go round. Perhaps death is the only result of the absurd circumstance we call life. I wonder what death is like, and I wonder why death never comes. We stand between two mirrors in the infinite recursion of any

moment. The door of happiness only appears as the door of death. There is no escape from an endless series of questions that go unanswered. What do you decide to do with your thoughts? There are many ways to die without doing anything.